

THE MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC WORLDS

RICHARD MANSFIELD'S production of Julius Caesar will be presented in Washington during the week of March 2.

CAPTAIN MARSHALL'S play, "The Unforeseen," while roughly criticized by the dramatic writers of London, justifies the verdict of the first-night audience by filling the Haymarket in that metropolis nightly. While there is a tragic note in the first act, it is a bright, interesting drama, full of comic play and sparkling dialogue. Mrs. Langtry has secured the distinction of a royal send-off for her American tour in a special performance of "The Cross-Ways," written by herself and Hartley Manners. The King, Queen, Prince of Wales and many court dignitaries and smart people will be in front of the stage, and everything will be done to commend the play to the hospitality of American audiences.

AMERICANS were attracted in large numbers to the recent auction at the Hotel Drouot, Paris, by the sale of the personal effects of Mlle. Wanda de Bonanza, the young actress of the Comedie Francaise, the sale of whose jewels, fans and linens during three days realized over \$30,000, while the sale is to continue four more days. As an example of the enhanced value existing in Paris of articles that have been owned and worn by a favorite actress or celebrity, a necklace of a single row of pearls fetched \$51,500, which Mlle. Wanda de Bonanza purchased two years ago from a well known jeweler in the Rue de la Paix for only \$25,000.

THE Royal Theater of Berlin celebrated Monday the semicentenary of the

production of Freytag's "Journalisten," reproducing precisely the costumes of 1852.

FANNIE BLOOMFIELD ZEISLER, the pianiste, played Saint-Saens' Piano Concerto at the Philharmonic Society's concert in Vienna Sunday. This is the first occasion on which an American soloist has been invited to appear at the society's concerts, and Mme. Zeisler met with an enthusiastic reception.

DE PACHMANN, during an interval of a concert given recently in Berlin, referring to the remarks about his facial expression and gestures, said he could not perform musical selections without fully entering into their spirit, and that his features only portrayed his inward sensibilities. If this was disagreeable to the audience he must ask to be excused. The Berlin critics, who are usually cold, are superlatively appreciative of De Pachmann's playing, especially of Chopin's music.

GEORGE W. CABLE addressed the New Haven audience which viewed Julia Marlowe's first appearance in "The Cavalier," a dramatization of his novel, and said, among other things:

"There is a saying very much in vogue just now which I believe—that our American public will never care for the literary value of plays until they contract the French habit of reading plays. Of course, our public may retort that they read plays when plays are readable. Meantime I believe it will move us all somewhat in the right direction for the theater to incite its frequenters

to read such readable books as they have got their plays from."

SHAKESPEARE-BACON controversy—lists must now retire. The discerning critic of a weekly paper published in a Michigan backwoods town has discovered how the long dispute may be ended for all time. "Hamlet" was recently played in the local "opera house," which led the critic to write in the theatrical columns of his paper:

"After last night's performance of 'Hamlet' it is dead easy to settle the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy. Just open the graves of the two worthies and see which one has turned over."

MANAGER CLARETTE, of the Theatre Francaise, recently abolished the claques that long had been in service in that institution, deeming this band of hired applauders unnecessary and out of date. But it seems that the manager is to be pursued legally for his action, as M. Darlaud, the chief of the claqueurs, has brought an action against the manager to recover 30,000 francs for his dismissal. This suit brings out the fact that M. Darlaud joined the claques of the Theatre Francaise some twenty years ago, and during the years that he has acted as chief of the claques he has received a salary of about \$60 per month. If there be justice for him he does not purpose to be cut out of a vocation summarily without redress.

WILSON BARRETT'S new play, "The Christian King," in which he himself appears as Alfred the Great, has been pronounced by the critics of Bristol "very powerful." Barrett delineates the noble Alfred at first as an impulsive young

prince, fighting to conquer all his wrong desires, then struggling against the blinding temptations of a beautiful siren, who soon seeks to poison his bride, and anon coming forth as a great but merciful warrior and gentle but firm monarch.

JULIE OPP will presently leave the cast of "If I Were King." Her place will be taken by Dorothea Baird, the original London Triby.

KING EDWARD'S recent "commands" for theatrical presentations at Sandringham in Norfolk, took to that place Sir Henry Irving, Ben Webster, Lionel Belmore, and Mabel Hackney, who all appeared in Sir Conan Doyle's little drama, "A Story of Waterloo," and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Boucher and H. B. Warner, who enacted Leo Travers's clever little play, "Dr. Johnson." Irving traveled all the way from Belfast, by special boat and train. In his absence his son Laurence played Shylock to the Portia of Ellen Terry. The Bouchers put on under studies in "My Lady Virtue" at the Garrick. Thursday night the King provided a surprise for the Queen and Kaiser by suddenly putting on Albert Chevalier, who had been "commanded" from Wakefield, where, of course, his manager had to give the money back to those who had booked seats. Chevalier's coster carols delighted her gracious majesty and the Kaiser, who showed himself quite an adept in following Albert's Cockney locutions. When the King and company migrated to Windsor Castle, Ellaline Terriss and her husband, Seymour Hicks, played Barrie's sweet comedy, "Quality Street."

FIRST SYMPHONY CONCERT A SUCCESS

Heartily Received by a Fashionable Audience.

For the first time in the history of Washington a symphony orchestra of sufficient size to undertake the greatest works of classic composers, has entered upon the second year of its existence. This auspicious inaugural occurred yesterday afternoon at the National Theater, and was marked by the adequate performance of a catholic and pretentious program, and the applause of a most fashionable audience. The outlook for a generous patronage during the season thus begun is accordingly most favorable.

The concert had been widely advertised, but even the officers of the orchestra must have been surprised at the extraordinary support given it by those prominent in the society of the Capital. Nearly the entire orchestra was filled with fashionable folk. Every foreign legation was represented. So many officers of the Government were present that the gathering resembled a Cabinet reception. Outside the theater the street was filled with carriages for two blocks. The audience was assuredly one of the most distinguished the season will bring together, and those who have at heart the interests of music in Washington will rejoice that most of these persons hold subscription seats, and can be counted upon to attend all the succeeding concerts.

It is, therefore, fair to assume that the second season of the Washington Symphony Orchestra will prove socially a success. Its success financially rests with the musicians of the city. If Conductor De Koven and his men can obtain the support of the vast number of students and teachers now in Washington, and if these latter persons are willing to accept what Mr. De Koven has called in an article written for The Times the "regular opportunities, hitherto lacking, of hearing the works of the great masters adequately interpreted," the orchestra will become a safe investment and a source of no little gain to its sixty members.

Artistically the future of the band depends also on the musicians of Washington as well as upon the skill of its public-spirited and capable leader, Mr. Reginald De Koven. Musicians to at least as great a degree as anyone else, are affected by the sight of a crowded theater and the security of sound financial support. Their rehearsals are better attended and their performances in public marked with more spirit when they can count securely on a patronage worthy of their efforts. At present the members of this body, an exceptionally capable group of performers, are themselves the greatest contributors to its permanent establishment. As for Mr. De Koven, who serves the orchestra and the community entirely without thought of gain, long ago he proved his mastery of harmony, composition, and orchestration, and the wonderfully strong interpretation of the Beethoven symphony which was the central feature of yesterday's program indicates an equal capacity as a conductor.

It further evidence is needed of the artistic promise held out by the Washington Symphony. It is surely to be found in this concert of yesterday. The program included two well-known and classic compositions—the Mendelssohn concerto in E minor for violin and orchestra, and the seventh symphony of Beethoven—as well as the Wagner "Meistersinger Vorspiel," a caprice by the soloist of the afternoon, Mr. Ovide Musin, and the "Artists' Life" waltz of Johann Strauss. In all, excepting the Wagner number, with which the concert opened, and which evidenced the most pronounced nervousness throughout the band, the orchestra played with confidence, unity, and expression. Indeed, the Beethoven symphony was given a most adequate interpretation, the strings working with a union and freedom which must have delighted every musician present. The accompaniment to Mr. Musin was admirably done, the work of the orchestra being distinguished by even piano and pianissimo passages, confidence of attack, and a complete subordination to the will of the conductor.

Mr. De Koven attempted no radical innovations. The Beethoven number—already familiar as a production of 1813, the period of Beethoven's greatest power—was read as it had been previously read in Washington by the Boston Symphony, and other bodies. The Mendelssohn number, of course, depended on the will of the soloist, who played with a pleasing abandon and willfulness. The Strauss waltz was performed entirely as a concert number, and filled with shadings, crescendos, nuances, and climaxes, which would make it impossible for a dance, but the result fully justified this attitude.

On the whole, however, Mr. De Koven adhered closely to the purpose already set forth, that of presenting the works of the great masters simply and academically. It is unfortunate that, with this object in view, he could not have presented a program a little less "popular."

Mr. Musin made a most favorable impression. In his three numbers—there was an encore, a slumber song of exquisite delicacy—he played with a sweetness almost effeminate. His tone is never virile or inspiring, but it is always pure and fine, and his control of yesterday's audience was a triumph. During the encore the theater was so still that the voices of passers-by in the street were heard distinctly.

The second season of the Washington Symphony Orchestra was thus begun auspiciously. The first concert comprised three interesting numbers by a competent soloist, a program of rather varied but generally excellent compositions, interpretation of these numbers by the orchestra which were completely competent, and a general exhibition of strength and united purpose which augur good results in the future. On such a beginning Mr. De Koven and his men can surely claim the ungrudging support of their fellow-townsmen.

A. D. A.

PROCLAMATION OF PORTO RICAN FEDERAL PARTY

Protest Against the Manner of Conducting Recent Elections in the Island.

The Porto Rican Federal party recently issued a proclamation of protest against alleged Republican political outrages in the recent elections in which the administration is held responsible for gross violations of the elective franchises and other outrages.

The proclamation is in part as follows: "The electoral battle of 1902 is ended. On one side the party whose acts and procedure discredit the name 'Republican' in Porto Rico is pouring forth in its intoxication of what they call 'their victory' vociferous cheers because by the abdication of all ideas of justice, right and liberty they have obtained for a new term the miserable crumbs which are thrown to them in exchange for their political honor."

"Together with those Republicans, almost merged with them as an integral part of that party are the authors of that work who are reveling in the triumph of their own self-love just as if this were the only purpose of insular politics."

Protest of Party. "In front of one and the other, in front of the authors and comedy players, with the dignified attitude of citizens, with protest in our hearts and on our lips, the true people of Porto Rico, those composing the American Federal party, that noble legion of patriots, that giant phalanx which (with the exception of foreigners) themselves fill the coffers of the treasury and who claim the inalienable right to co-operate in the proper levying of taxes upon them and in the drafting of the laws which govern them; that noble legion of patriots, to whom it is an incomprehensible and impracticable absurdity to attempt to Americanize a people by essentially anti-American methods; that is, with the most contemptuous ridicule of liberty, with the most shameful robbery and with the most iniquitous usurpation and even supplanting of the franchise. To obtain that victory not only bulldozing, trickery and violence of all kinds has run rampant but even blood has been shed."

Outrages Unpunished. "Such outrages have not been reprimanded or punished as law and justice demand. Finally in contrast to this picture, a mighty army of true American sympathizers who feel in their blood the true principles of liberty and of American democracy, not wishing to divide with the others the responsibility and disgrace of a fraudulent and 'sanguinary' Americanization have condemned it, keeping far away from it, protesting with their eloquent and expressive silence."

Severmandering Act. "In 1900, when the executive council divided the island into election districts with the deliberate and only purpose of making the victory of the Republican party secure in violation of the Foraker act which provided for the continuance of the districts and as near equal as possible in population, then the American Federal party could foresee that it was a crime of lese majeste never to be pardoned in the eyes of the insular authorities, to love their native land, and to work for its prosperity and aggrandizement under the American flag, just as if it were inconsistent in the hearts of citizens of Massachusetts, Maryland or New York to love their respective States and also to secretly adore the federation and the national flag."

"In the municipalities of Rio Piedras, Humacao, Ciales, Patillas, L. C., and other towns which have been Federal by a tremendously overwhelming majority the polls produced a Republican victory, but the whole island knows as well

as the administration what a large number of assaults and violations are represented in each one of these victories. And what is said about this town can be repeated in most every town of the island. The guaranty of law was always a dead letter for the Federalists, which explains how with one scratch of the pen 700 Federal voters were scratched off the registration list at Rio Piedras and that in every part of the island, although many Federals were registered, they could not succeed in casting their votes because it did not suit the boards or because when they went to deposit their votes some Republicans assuming the names had already voted for them. Many Republicans boast of having voted in five or six other precincts without any difficulty or objection from the Republican majority on the board."

Closed Polls on Federals. "That in some towns where our party had an overwhelming majority the polling precincts were opened two or three hours beforehand. It was publicly asserted that they would allow the Federals to win only in the Arellito and Humacao districts. After the uncivilized attack on the home of Munoz Rivera followed the also uncivilized raid and destruction of the printing plant where the 'Diario de Puerto Rico' was edited, and day and night personal attacks upon peaceable citizens of the party on the streets of San Juan were made, followed by similar outrages in numerous towns of the island."

"The laxity with which the administration and insular police look at all these 'things' without other result but the prosecution of the victims in most cases made the party better and more determined to triumph they would resort to any and all means and that the shedding of Porto Rican blood would be inevitable."

Insinuations of Press. "The American Federal party recording in this document its most energetic protest against the numerous outrages, violence and illegalities committed with impunity in the present election without the least opposition from the Government, does so because it wishes it to be understood every time and by everybody that it does not submit to that mockery and robbery, and especially against the insinuations of the American press, which, when informed of the riots and disorders which reign supreme during two months and a half, instead of investigating the true cause of this phenomenon, pointed out such facts as a proof that we are not qualified for the exercise of civil and political rights."

Examples of Self-Government. "Nevertheless, during the last twenty years of Spanish rule in Porto Rico, repeated proofs of our competence were given in the solution of the most complicated social and political problems, to such an extent that it brought forth from the lips of the learned ministry of the crown that beautiful expression, that there never was danger in Porto Rico in making any reforms 'as everything in Porto Rico could be done with impunity.' Standing there to confirm this, is the abolition of slavery in 1873, and the granting of self government in 1897."

"As it would be an insult to the American people to say that the occupation has been a step backward in the customs and culture of the country, yet while heretofore such important events could have passed without disorder and riot, the election period of 1902 has carried to the homes of peaceful citizens terror, hate, and death, therefore, the American Federal party in the name of honest Porto Ricans who feel and think of Porto Ricans who highly esteem their name and decorum also protest once and a thousand times against these gratuitous statements and respectfully invite the honest newspapers of the United States to study the causes and details of the phenomenon which has attracted their attention, and then state honestly if the responsibility of these deeds belongs to the people or whether it lies with the leaders of the movement, and to the officials, who, through laxity and partiality, have consented and encouraged it."

A SECRET OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

A NOVEL OF MUTINY AND MYSTERY—By W. BERT FOSTER.

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THIS STORY WAS BEGUN FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.

Howard Thorne, a Harvard student adopted son of a well-known shipping merchant named Undercliff, learns that his own father is probably alive and residing on an unknown island in the South Pacific. The older Thorne, who had been the intimate friend and confidential clerk of Mr. Undercliff, had left twenty years before, under suspicion of having taken \$5,000 from the vault, where the package was subsequently found while the vault was being enlarged. Mr. Undercliff, trying to reach and clear his name, learns that he took passage on the ship Juan Fernandez, which was never heard from. At the time the story opens, Mr. Thorne to reimburse them for the money lost through his possible negligence. Captain Latimer, of the Naida, one of the firm's vessels, who brings the draft, has met a shipwrecked sailor who claimed to have made a 1,500-mile voyage in a ship's long boat from an uncharted island, with the man who sent the money. Howard Thorne determines to go with the Naida on her return trip and endeavor to find his father. Mr. Undercliff turns over to him the package of \$5,000, which he had kept undisturbed. Howard finds that it contains a bill of lading for a later date than that of his disappearance. He suspects a plot to ruin his father, and that Mr. Monckton, Mr. Undercliff's partner, who had been his father's unsuccessful rival in love, was at the bottom of it. Howard sails aboard the Naida and finds that Captain Latimer's daughter Sydney, a college-bred girl, who has shipped as second mate, is in danger from a drunken sailor named Atwell. He knocks Atwell down.

CHAPTER V. (Continued.)

An Unwelcome Arrival.

THORNE got himself settled and was on deck in time to observe the work of getting the brig under way. Atwell, thoroughly sobered by Captain Latimer's discipline, was at work with the other men, and did not raise his eyes from the deck. The huge sails were spread by means of patent hoisting apparatus. Miss Latimer took the wheel, and the great vessel sheered off from the dock. The little donkey engine amidships made more commotion than the engines of an Atlantic liner, and the mulatto cook, stripped to his waist, shoveling coal into its maw, looked like an imp in a pantomime.

"Them patent windlasses are great inventions," remarked Captain Latimer, chewing hard on a black cigar as he watched the brig's leeway. "Saves a good half of the help. Never'd be able to work the Naida to New York with four men and a cook in the old days. Why, a craft like this udder ship twenty men before the mast, b'ides carpenters an' sailmakers. I never ship but twelve. Haf to be economical nowadays."

Thorne discovered that Captain Latimer was great on "economy." He had all the true Yankee's thriftiness, was sharp at a bargain, and was more than a little "near," as the saying is. It was quite dark before the Naida cleared the bar and the swinging lamp was lit in the cheerful cabin when they sat down to supper. Captain Latimer ate hurriedly and went back to the deck; but Sydney, who had laid aside her mannish attire, presided and Thorne began to realize what a really charming girl the second mate of the Naida was.

"I have been to sea with father a great deal," she told him frankly. "I was a very delicate child. You wouldn't believe it now, would you?" and she laughed, the color coming and going in her round cheek. "The bracing sea air was what I needed. I brought my books aboard and studied hard. I learned navigation, too. I've performed the duties of second mate before, but I was never rated as such till this trip. This is my first voyage for three years, and I enjoy getting back on the old brig once more."

"But," said Thorne doubtfully, "didn't you find it hard to get on with no other woman aboard?"

"Oh, Tonio's wife used to go with us when I was small. In fact, she was always aboard until she died four years ago."

"I should think you would be lonely for female society."

"Oh, that!" she said. "Don't think me unwomanly, but girls weary me. Most of those I met at school were afflictions. You see, being so much in father's society, I am more of a man's

woman than a woman's woman. Do you understand me?"

Thorne thought he did. But he was doubtful. Such sentiments from a girl were so entirely unlooked for that he didn't know what to think.

The run to New York was very pleasant and Thorne began to take considerable interest in the working of the ship. Especially was this interest manifested when it was Miss Latimer's watch on deck. While the Naida was being loaded Thorne found the time hanging heavily enough on his hands. He tried to busy himself in plans for his voyage of exploration. He purchased charts and books about the South Pacific. But the month which was occupied before the Naida was ready to sail dragged on leaden wings.

Still, he was glad Mr. Undercliff had advised his coming on to New York with the brig. He could never have been able to stand the delay at home. He received and answered a few letters, among them one from a college friend. A paragraph in the latter's epistle Thorne read over several times.

"The news has gone forth that our friend Monckton has left our classic town. He goes on a sea voyage in one of his father's ships, I understand, for his health. But a little bird has whispered in my ear that another investigation by 'the powers that be' was pending, and that he saved himself from expulsion by resignation."

"I wonder what craft of Undercliff & Monckton he sails in?" thought Thorne. "He'd be a nice addition to any ship's company—I don't think! Well, thank the Lord, it's nothing to me."

But it did concern him, only it was several days before he found it out. Then he saw Tonio doing a vast amount of cleaning in one of the unused state-rooms.

"Who's this for?" he asked. The officers had already come aboard, and had been assigned their places.

"Goin' ter hab another passenger, sah," replied the mulatto, showing his teeth. Passengers meant unlimited tips to Tonio, and he would have welcomed a dozen.

"That so?"

"Yes, sah. De son ob one o' de owners. Goin' for he's health."

Thorne turned on his heel and went to his cabin. Had his journey not been so urgent he would have given up his berth in the brig rather than sail with Carter Monckton.

"Sent with us to keep him from becoming a common drunk, I suppose," he thought, bitterly. "He's a nice specimen to sail with decent people."

But Thorne was a gentleman, and he could not poison the minds of Captain Latimer and his daughter against Monckton, and when Sydney mentioned that they were to have the company of another passenger on the voyage he kept silent. He was tempted to run on to Boston and see Mr. Undercliff. But there was hardly time for that. That very evening the crew came aboard, and the brig was made ready to pull out into the stream at daybreak. Monckton had not arrived, although his luggage had come, and Thorne devoutly hoped that he would not show up in time.

As he sat writing in his cabin after supper, there came a sudden rap on the door. He opened it, and found Captain Latimer and a short, swarthy looking sailor standing without.

"A word with you, sir," said the captain.

"A dozen if you wish, captain," replied Thorne, throwing his door wide open.

The captain motioned the sailor into the room, entered himself, and shut the door.

"D'ye see this here fellow, Mr. Thorne?" demanded the commander of the Naida.

Thorne nodded.

"Well, sir, you may call it luck, or call it Providence, whichever you like, sir. But there stands the man you'd give a good deal to see, I reckon."

"What do you mean?" cried Thorne, starting up.

"It's the fellow I was telling you

of—the one who boarded the brig at Auckland last winter. He's the man who was brought to Auckland by your father."

"Glorious! Where did he come from?"

"He was sent down by the shipping agent," replied Captain Latimer, taking out a cigar. "Plain Providence, I call it. Sit down, Jessup, an' tell Mr. Thorne your story."

The sailor sat down awkwardly. He was a wiry looking man, with small gold rings in his ears and a network of tattooing on the back of his hands. His age might have been fifty; his nationality doubtful. He had sailed in ships of all countries and could understand quarterdeck commands and abuse in half a dozen languages.

"Let me hear your story," said Thorne, encouragingly.

"Speak up, Jessup," said the captain, and the man began.

"Well, sir, I shipped on the coal-laden Anna Pixley, from Sydney to Frisco."

"Belay that," interrupted Latimer. "I give him the p'lnts of your shipwreck, and that don't interest him. Let's hear about your getting on the island, and what followed."

Jessup gave a hitch to his trousers and went on:

"I don't like to talk about it, gentlemen—it weren't a pleasant 'sperience," he said. "The raft me an' my mates built couldn't hold together nohow in that gale. We didn't have time to make a strong boat. Why, sir, when we left the old Pixley she was blazing clear for her mastsheads! The raft worked apart a good deal that night and next day, patch it as we might, it only just kep' together till dark. We lost two men that afternoon, and before cast morning they were all gone but poor Bob McCann an' me."

"We lashed ourselves to what was left of the raft an' held on. I didn't expect to see land again; no more did he. He didn't, but somehow my part of the wreck hung together, an' the current an' gale carried me ashore on this island I speak of. There wasn't much to it but cliffs up clear round the island, and the beach wasn't more'n a cable's length wide anywhere. But in two or three places there was clumps of young palms and cocoanut trees."

"I managed to get something to eat. And I found water, too—sweet, clear water that was the greatest blessing I'd ever had. Then in this cave I told Cap'n Latimer of, I found the hulk of

SLAVES TO MORPHINE.

One Person in Every Hundred So Afflicted in This Country.

New York Herald.

One million persons, or more than one in every 100 residents of the United States, are addicted to the use of morphine, according to a startling statement made public by a board of physicians which appeals for help in its efforts to relieve the slaves of the habit. Of these, it is declared, the majority of the sufferers are found among physicians and the wealthier and better educated classes.

These facts are stated by the interdenominational committee organized for the suppression of the drug habit, which has its headquarters in the Presbyterian Building, 156 Fifth Avenue. The committee appeals for money to carry on its charitable work and for funds to build a hospital.

It points out that while there are refuges for inebriates, former convicts, and fallen women, there is no shelter to which the suffering outcast ruined by drugs can turn.

As a basis for its work the committee has a remedy, discovered by a German scientist, which came to the notice of the Rev. Dr. W. N. Ritchie. He was so earnest in his efforts to help morphine victims that he impoverished himself, and at the suggestion of the late Rev. John Hall, of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, gave up his pastorate to devote his life to the work.

The Rev. Dr. R. F. Sample, former moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly and pastor emeritus of the West Twenty-third Street Church, sacrificed his time and money, gave up his horse and carriage, Mrs. Sample giving her jewelry, to aid the victims, and

when Dr. Hall organized the committee Dr. Sample became the president.

Dr. Ritchie is the secretary; Thomas O. Conant, editor of the "Examiner," first vice president; the Rev. Dr. Francis E. Marston, second vice president, and W. W. Westervelt, a lawyer, treasurer.

It is pointed out by the committee that in nearly all the cases of persons addicted to the habit of the hypodermic syringe the vice is the result of the prescriptions of physicians who sought to allay pain or induce sleep. Physicians, it is declared, suffering or worn out by overwork, have become the most frequent victims.

To these afflicted classes the committee offers the benefit of the remedy, friendship, food, clothing, and shelter, and in proof of the success of its efforts cites hundreds of cures. In many of which sufferers, seemingly beyond all hope, have been rescued and restored to positions of importance, from which the habit had thrown them. It is stated that of the cases cured one out of every three has been a physician.

Among those who have been reclaimed by the efforts of the clergymen are prominent physicians, men and women well known in the social world and prominent actors and actresses.

A well-known physician of New York who was a slave to morphine placed himself in the hands of Dr. Ritchie and was cured in three months. So pleased was he that he decided to devote the rest of his life to the work of reclaiming others, and he is now an active worker for the committee.

The American Board of Foreign Missions has sent large quantities of the treatment to missionaries in China and the Orient, where whole villages are under the hand of opium, and the missionaries are already reporting great success.

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